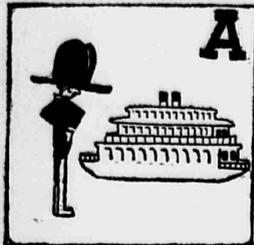


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HOW SOME OF THE MONEY GOES.

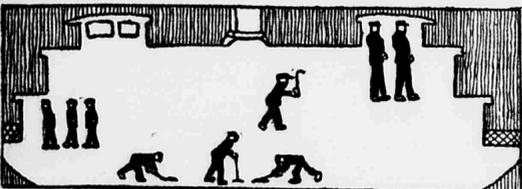
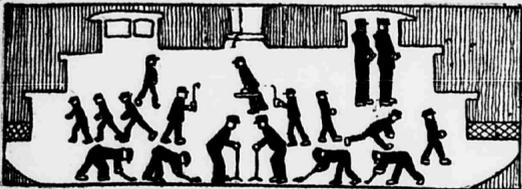


ACCORDING to the testimony of the auditor of the Department of Docks and Ferries, New York City in 1907 lost through the operation of the Thirty-ninth Street and Staten Island ferries \$1,026,272.

Thus the loss on these two ferries alone almost wiped out the total net income from New York's valuable docks.

Before the city took it over the Staten Island Ferry did not pay. That was, of course, the reason why its owners were so desirous for the city to buy it from them.

How extravagantly the city runs its ferry these two pictures show. The eighteen men are the one shift on a Staten Island ferry-boat. The nine men are one shift on one of the big two-story North River ferries.



The large North River ferryboats have a pilot and a captain, one engineer, one oiler, two firemen and three deckhands. The city employs twice as many men to do the same work, and it employs three shifts where the privately owned ferry lines get along with two shifts.

No sooner was the Brooklyn Bridge railroad transferred from the city to the B. R. T. than wages were reduced and many men were laid off. This resulted in a great saving to the B. R. T., but of that saving what penny of benefit has the public received?

This is wholly distinct from the question of municipal operation. The Brooklyn Ferry Company is now seeking to have the city take over its unprofitable ferries. The Thirty-ninth Street Ferry has been bought by the city. The traction monopoly is in favor of the city building more bridges for its street cars to run over.

Letters From the People

Terrible! To the Editor of The Evening World: Who said "Oconomowoc" has no word to rhyme with it?

Interest Problem To the Editor of The Evening World: A problem was to be solved, as follows: A man gave his note for \$2000 on which he was to pay 6 per cent interest.

Petty Thefts To the Editor of The Evening World: Somebody breaks into my desk at the store, in my absence, and steals stamps, pencils, stationery, &c.

The List of Game To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to the problem that "Mr. Roosevelt in Africa will kill five times as many tigers as elephants, and seven

less than tigers, and the total of these will be twice as much as the number of tigers, less half of the lions, here is the solution: Let X or 2 = elephants, then 5X = tigers, and 5X = lions.

The servant question. To the Editor of The Evening World: I was glad to read the comment on the difficulty of getting servants and the high price charged often for skillless work.

Pronounced "Hec-Squeak." To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the correct pronunciation of "Biscuit" or "Biscuit Tortoni"? R. H. F.



John Henry and a Few Other Perfectly Innocent Bystanders Find Themselves in a Car That's Infested by a Bridal Couple

By George V. Hobart. DEAR BUNCH—I'm headed for home, but the hurries are holding me back. I met a whole flock of "the boys" in Rochester yesterday morning, and since most of 'em were making a flying leap for New York you can believe me it was a swift squad of sports that climbed into one of Mr. Pullman's sleep-wagons and permitted themselves to be yanked over the rails.

Panhandle Pete Does a Kind Act. By George McManus



Immortal Interviews --

No. 9--Romeo and Juliet Discuss Getting In and Out of Love

By Helen Rowland. "ROMEO! ROMEO! Are you going to answer that door-bell--or AREN'T you?"

It was the gentle voice of Juliet, which penetrated the key-hole as I pushed the electric button of her ground-floor flat at No. 2 Rue de Mort--and it was Juliet, herself, in a solid kimono and a broken flet, who opened the door and ushered me into a tiny two-by-four reception room, where Romeo reclined languidly on a velvet couch and blew rings from his cigarette.

"Please pardon appearances," remarked Juliet with that brave, sweet smile of the woman who is trying to make a twenty-five-dollar-a-week salary look like a seventy-five-dollar income. "But what with four children, and no servant, and Romeo smoking round the house all day!"

"You never talked like that," grumbled Romeo, rising from the couch and putting down his cigarette with a bored air, "before I married you." Juliet's nose went into the air. "No," she acquiesced with a toss of her chin, "I was in love--then."

"So was I," rejoined Romeo, leaning back against the pillows indifferently, "but now I'm in trouble. If a chap could only have the forethought," he continued, hitching nervously at his bathrobe, "to get out of love before he gets into matrimony!"

"Lots of them do," I murmured protestingly. "NOWADAYS!" "Do they?" exclaimed Romeo, sitting up and brightening with sudden interest. "How?"

"Well," I hazarded, "don't you remember your first love affair--and how you slipped out of that?" "It was a wild guess, but it hit the mark," Romeo chuckled. "By Jove!" he ejaculated, "that was a close shave, but I managed it neatly."

"He'd rather," explained Juliet sarcastically, "put on the thumbscrews and let the impression soak in gradually by dropping the correspondence and staying away, and looking blank when she kisses him, and disinterested when she talks on personal topics. He doesn't break out of love nor burst out of it; he prefers to crawl out of it."

"You don't understand!" protested Romeo. "If a man can just break off an affair artistically and jilt a girl accidentally, he can make her feel as though she had done it herself!" "And then," broke in Juliet, "he thinks she ought to be grateful for life!"

Play Makes the Man.

By Frank D. Watson. MAN living in primitive times was in direct contact with nature. He raised his own food, made his own clothes and built his own house.

The Day's Good Stories

No Chance for a Miracle. ONE day Dr. Norman McLeod, who was a large and healthy man, and one of his burly elders went to pay a visit to a certain Mrs. MacLaren of the congregation, who lived in the Scotch hills. She was a frugal woman, but determined that she should have the best in the house.

How He Won Her. HE was a fisherman and in love. He had angled for Angelina and caught her. He had angled for fish also the living day and caught one ephippid; that is, a porgy. That night he went to see Angelina's father on the delicate question of matrimony.